~~June~~ 27 May/34 52-TS

Sunday

Well the devil has got me again... We came up on Friday — & on Friday he did 101 between showers — He says a few still in my throat. Almost normal when not to stay in bed — & clear. That bed! And then just began again. Can now reduce to about Thursday. Please write. I think you will. When the heat is set — do there. I do sympathize about the rain

I'm sorry but today: the Dr: advises all possible fresh air

52 T.S.

Monday 31 May 1934

I feel real compunction, Ethel dear, that that through me you should not down dead beat to write. Please don't. It was only the fever that stopped that cry for letters. Write when you're sick & words a leisure. I have the sympathy of the old hack for anyone who lets a fever when their brain is as a dyed yellow sandy shore, & all that falls is dry yellow sand. I know it — the sensation. Not that your scrawl this morning was of that nature at all.

The fever has gone. I am left serene, & even began to feel the stream running letting the reeds again. Grim these metaphors — they come in flocks when I am recumbent — I can't shoo them off: thousands, thousands make themselves in my brain — I suppose the result of worrying my brain. The Dr.

came, 6 hours late of course; had submitted the
throb again throat to a thecalute he finds it
swarming with a bacillus called viridans, or
Green; advises inoculation; "But have you ever
known influenza or any other disease cured that way?"
I asked; to which the, busy Lytton Strachey
like, an honest woman, said No. One
case of eczema was all in her experience. "But
I haven't got eczema", said. So we agreed to inoculation
clear the throat uninoculated — which is a
damnably expensive business — for 3 weeks.
nothing. The truth is doctors know absolutely
have to 'oblige'. I feel much better anyhow.
It's very hot today isn't it! Do you return your garden
among the punks; I write your article? And do the
punks, those very sweet rebels ones, make you
think how you brought them up here on summer?
I said this was the bloom stage of our friendship.
which moved now be over? I like your honest
mind. That reminds me — we how slightly I am —
there a perfect trumpet of you in letting on: a deaf
woman, to whom to talk, need to be hell — a lovely
deafness that — is now as susceptible to my voice
without its raising circles, as the fern is to the
spring breeze. Go & see T. Eliot the Rock
at Sadlers Wells: tell me what you think.
I would write more, but my fingers seem rather
clippery. How can anyone read this
page? - V.

Rote 2.4.63

NYPL

Sunday 17 June 1934

No, I can't manage tomorrow. Somebody here.
And I rather fear it'll be wise for me
to sit among your white flinks in the garden
& hi like an alligator barking.
Only alligators behind them & the loter &
the loves of other alligators in this
weather: which I think, on the contrary, q
Habs of green ia. & grenaged bears, &
white birds. & with I were able to
waddle all my body into the sea.

that I managed to add one staggering
numerical bore to the 700 odd
this morning. so I am quite happy, in my
grubbing.
Why is Mrs Cameron so touchy? I cant myself
feel so that even if the adverbs you make
were a pig dearest I should resent them. An
odd fact in human nature: throw it
down the lane - if you can spare the
water - & thank no more of it. Do you want a
bath?

NYPL

Nota 2. 4. 63

June 19. 1934

Tuesday

well that was, what they call, a sweet
thought of yours: to come in from the watering
pot & find all white, all cool, all
as fresh as a laundry. Your Jenkins – but
this may be the result of sympathy &
provocation – always much more like
Oxford Street Barlow Jinkins

No, tomorrow I have to be out, &
praise the Lord, the sun is down. & thirsty

a puddle on the mews at the back. And on
Friday I must go, heaven help me, to
Worthing. My mother in law, having for the past 5
years carried on an elderly flirtation with an old
man called Legge, who loved her Burgundy & took her
on the beer, is now once more desolated, leaving the
old man is naturally dying: which she can't do.
Yes, I liked the Tiger story. I thought
Stenson was tishy merely — picking up strayers.
Jumping ayln hat

V.

Here the horrors — taken Nurem.

NYPL

Rota 2.4.43

Thursday June 20. 1934

I am amused, but also rather contrite. I forgot that you cant see the situation at the other end of the telephone. There I was at 4-30 still talking to a charming friend who had asked herself to lunch. Lord love me, will he stay to dinner, I was asking? — & we had people dining — shall I get no respite from talk till one a.m.? — when the telephone rang. — I seized the ~~providential~~ occasion providentially offered to say, severely, with an eye on him, "No I cant see you. I'm going out." He took the hint

I went – you rushed to Staggs, bought lipstick.
Such is the power of the human voice.
Such my oblivion of my own histrionic powers
has gone up – so that's all to the good.
But let me beg for the lipstick – indeed I
think I owe you an umbrella; such a
heavenly relief known to get 2 hours solitude
before the diners arrived – much like
being seen in umbrella in a storm.
What about H B, Cullen. That reminds me?
Don't I owe you some part of Mrs Jones?
When shall I be alone with you –
God knows

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

did I tell you, we have to appear before magistrate on Tuesday at Reigate.

July 2. 1934 52. T.S.

Monday — Accused of dangerous driving — we, in consequence driving

I'm seriously much downcast by thinking you have to meet this appalling muddle. How can it have happened? Heh. Must help guessing that they wont exact any thing like that amount — not from a dame, doctor. K.C.B. — so on, surely. But what a hell ya have to have to think get even — & I'm enough a Gibberligibbet to have pauses in the middle of the night about money. — Do you? — when, goodness knows, I'm now in need. Yes, I admit the jolly q clever seeing you. Not that I had any notion you were going to turn into a brown cocoon to worm (a rhyme — how leeching — like seeing 3 magpies & rhyme (on wittingly). And my manner is merely a passive one — here I sit, trying to write. & what drops into my bucket drops. You were surprised the other day when you rang up. And I seem to be living otherwise & my friends by my behaviour would [illegible] be perverse: Can't believe that Coleby [illegible]

did I tell you, we have to appear before magistrate on Tuesday at Reigate.

July 2. 1934 32. T.S.

Monday — L. accused of dangerous driving — we, in consolate drive

I'm viciously much down cast by thinking you have to meet this appalling muddle. How can it have happened? Heh. Can't help guessing that they won't exact anything like that amount — not from a dame, doctor. Heh. — so am, surely. But what a heh ya have to have to think get even — a I'm enough aya flibbertigibbet to have panics in the middle of the night about money. — Do you? — when, you know, I'm now no need. Yes, I admit the folly of ever seeing you. Not that I had any notion you were going to turn into a brown cocoon to wear (a rhyme — how exciting — like seeing 3 magpies & rhyme (in witting)). And my summer is merely a passive one — here I sit, trying to write. What drops into my bucket drops. I've been deserted the other day when you rang up. And I seem to be giving offence to my friends by my behaviour. Colclough wrote that he is furious: Can't believe that